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AN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS
OF MICROBES AT BERLIN.

BY GOUVERNEUR M. SMITH, M.D.,
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MICROSCOPICAL midgets
Were getting the fidgets,
On hearing the horrible news,
That the microbes were slaughtered—
Were starved and were quartered,
'Twas surely a cause for the blues.

Smallest plants and wee bugs
Are not dull, snail-like, slugs,
But form a unicity rare;
They commune with each other
(Each kingdom, a brother)
When both have a terrible scare.

So an edict went forth
East and West, South and North,
For the Microbes in Congress to meet
In the place, where a sage
Who is now all the rage,
Thinks such elfins—each one—a dead beat.

A great polyglot crowd
Of wee Liliputs proud,
Assembled in solemn conclave,
And those speaking Phthisis
With warm exegesis,
Besought all their friends to be brave.

Then one spoke in Lupus,
With tones base and croupous,
And said he was "not a bit blue,
I'm not yet like Othello—
And will fight a duello,
With Koch or some one of his crew."

A tenor, in Typhoid,
 With gestures quite cycloid,
 A tiny Professor,—then said
 “On mankind I’ll still sup,
 I won’t give his flesh up,
 And of starving I’m not yet afraid.”

A speech in harsh Cancer,
 By a wise geomancer,
 Foretold of a bright coming time,
 When no more on the earth
 Would there be human birth,
 As the microbes were just in their prime.

And with man quite extinct,
 It was clearly distinct
 The Germs would then evolute gay,
 Be lords of creation—
 The great innovation,
 At which Time was now making a play.

In Cholera lingo,
 One said that,—“By jingo
 Men eat their choice game with suave grace,
 We’ll feed on their flesh-pots,
 These devilish despots,
 Until we have eaten their race.”

In co-operation
 These dwarfs of each nation
 In solemn alliance agreed,
 “Fierce aggression, severe,
 More and more every year
 Till the earth of mankind was quite freed.”

They adjourned for a dance
 In high glee and joyance,
 And whirligiged round like young nymphs:
 In Koch’s parlor so gay
 They danced a whole day
 And laughed at his new-fangled lymphs.

Then they wound up the fête
 With a feast quite ornate,
 Consuming wise doctors, a score,
 And drank their own health
 In the lymphs, got by stealth,
 And wished they had kegs and kegs more.

